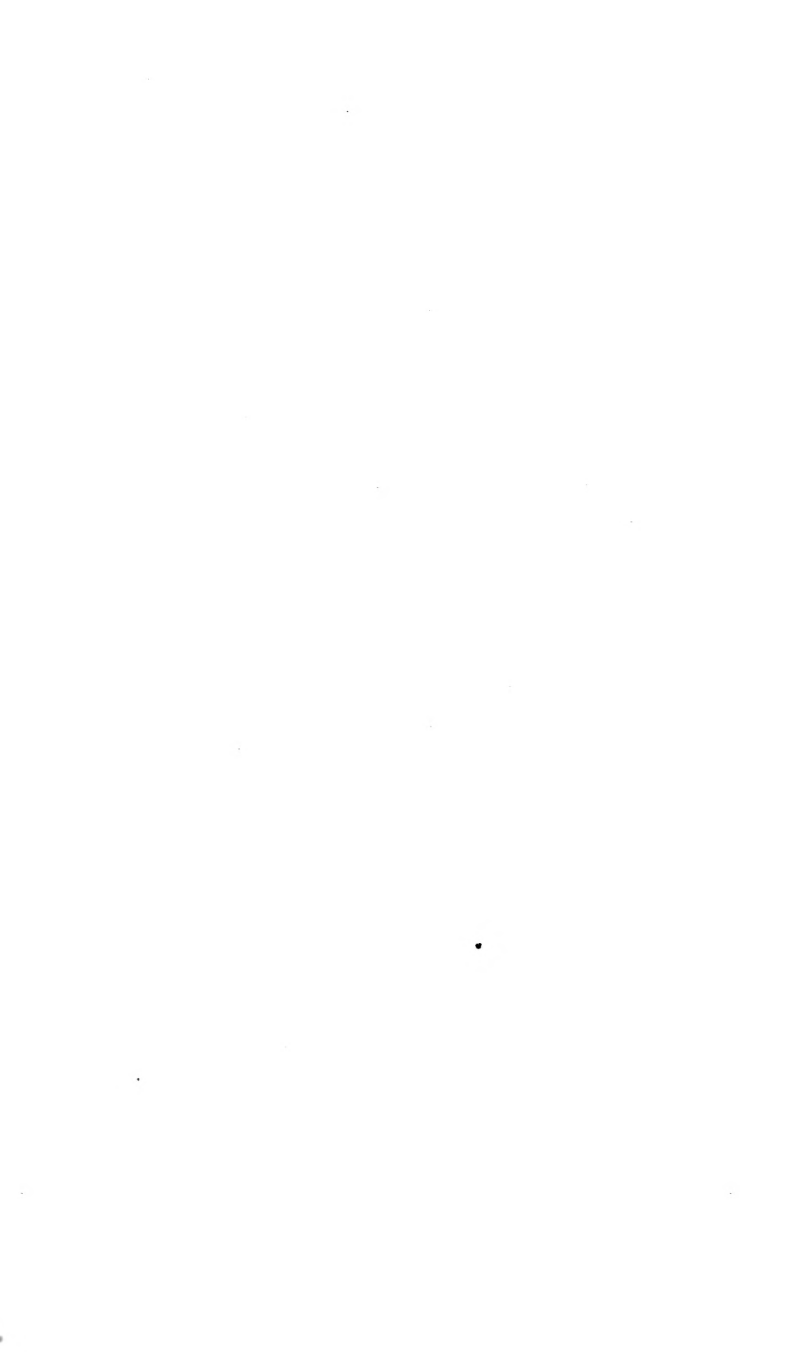




LOVE, LAURELS
& LAUGHTER





LOVE, LAURELS & LAUGHTER

BY

*BEATRICE
HANSCOM*

WITH A FRONTISPIECE

By

WILLIAM J. HURLBUT

NEW YORK

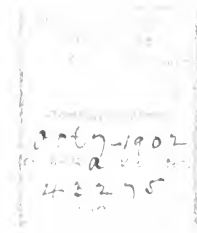
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TO MY MOTHER.

Acknowledgment.

The author wishes to acknowledge the courtesy of *The Century Company* in granting permission to republish "The Old Collector," "To Arcady," "Hearts the Same," "Ballade of the Rhyming Duellist," "The Return of Mabel," "The Security Needful," "Through Love's Eyes," "A Popular Model," "Her Love Song," "Two Poets," "Two Players and Their Play," "Ballade of Chevy Chase," "Song," "A Homeopathic Practitioner," "Two Women," "Advice-Masculine," "His Special Correspondent," "The Triumph of Truth," "The Friends of Our Friends," "Embarked for Romance Lands," "The Best Authority"; to *The Critic* for the "Ballade of Beaucaire"; to *Puck*, for "A Suit of Hearts," "His Answer," "The Song of Tact," "Love's Games, Progressive"; to *Life*, for "A Perplexing Question"; to *Judge*, for "Apropos de Paris"; to *Vogue*, for "Les Femmes Sont Difficiles"; to *Truth*, for "A Seasonable Reflection," "Strategy"; to *Four O' Clock*, for "Desertion is Human"; and to *The Ladies' Home Journal* for "The Valentine Rose," "On the Rebound," and "Her Portrait."

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LOVE, LAURELS
& LAUGHTER

The Old Collector.

' **T** IS strange to look across the street
And feel that we no more shall greet
Our middle-aged, precise, and neat,
Old-fashioned neighbour.
It seems, in his unlighted hall,
His much-prized pictures on the wall
Must miss his presence, and recall
His loving labour.

His manner was serene and fine,
Fashioned on some Old-World design.
His wit grew keener with the wine,
And kindlier after ;
And when the revelry rang high,
No one could make more apt reply ;
Yet, though they sometimes marked his sigh,
None heard his laughter.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

He held as foolish him who dotes
On politics or petticoats ;
He vowed he 'd hear no talk of votes
Or silly scandals.

No journeys tempted him ; he swore
He held his world within his door,
And there he 'd dwell till life was o'er,
Secure from vandals.

“ Why should I roam the world again ? ”
He said. “ Domingo shows me Spain ;
The dust of travel then were vain.

What springtime chances
To match my Corot there ! One glance
Is worth a year of actual France.
The real ne'er equals the romance,
Nor fact, our fancies.”

His walls were decked with maidens fair—
A Henner with rich auburn hair ;
A Reynolds with the stately air
That fits a beauty ;

THE OLD COLLECTOR.

There glanced a Greuze with girlish grace ;
And yonder, with the strong, calm face,
The peasant sister of her race,
 Whose life is duty.

He valued most the sunny day
Because it lighted his Dupré,
And showed his small Meissonier
 In proper fashion.
And tender was the glance he bent
Upon his missal's ornament,
Whereon some patient monk had spent
 His artist passion.

I used to love to see him pass
His fingers o'er some rare old glass.
He never took delight *en masse* ;
 He loved each treasure :
The precious bronzes from Japan,
The rugs from towered Ispahan,
His rose-tint Sèvres, his famous fan—
 Each had its pleasure.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

And so he held that Art was all ;
Yet when Death made the solemn call,
Before the desk in his long hall
 They found him sitting.
Within the hands clasped on his breast
An old daguerreotype was pressed—
A sweet-faced, smiling girl, and dressed
 In frills befitting.

Naught of his story can we know,
Nor whose the fault so long ago,
Nor with what meed of weal or woe
 His love was blended.
Yet o'er his rare Delft mantel-tiles
Bellini's sweet Madonna smiles
As though she knew the weary miles
 For him are ended.

Ballade of the Rhyming Duellist.

TO my ballade, I prithee, list,
Since haply, at the century's close,
The world has turned romanticist,
And hero-worship daily grows.
I sing a knight of gallant pose,
Of valiant heart and supple wrist,
He of the weird and rueful nose :
I sing the rhyming duellist.

He was a true philanthropist :
Of bores he quickly did dispose ;
He caused bad actors to desist
From adding to the public woes.
What chivalry doth this disclose !
He needeth no apologist :
Such fame with endless lustre glows,
I sing the rhyming duellist.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

And yet the sweets of life he missed :
 Love made him feel its bitterest throes ;
For him was but vicarious tryst ;
 For him the thorn, and not the rose ;
 For him the bitterest pang love knows,
To wait below while Christian kissed :
 Yet bravely bore he all his woes.
I sing the rhyming duellist.

ENVOY.

Ah, Cyrano, 't is not in prose
 That we should praise the balladist ;
So, in the form thine own song chose,
 I sing the rhyming duellist.

His "Special Correspondent"
at the Fair.

DEAR NED:

From the meadows Elysian,
Where fashion is tending her flocks,
Where life is served up to our vision
As a soufflé of follies and frocks;

From the laurels of laughter and learning
Which Paris displays as her due,
From her charms and vexations, I'm turning
To send a long letter to you.

Each day when I draw back my curtain,
I feel that a saint would complain
For the weather is very uncertain,
Which means that it's certain to rain.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

We 've a sprinkling of various nations
At table ; we 've talents galore,
And, just to prevent conflagrations,
An occasional amiable bore.

There are tourists whose small tribulations
Are recounted in harrowing tales
Interspersed with such great lamentations
As might be termed princes of wails.

Kate says that they take the position,
Apropos of the prices they pay,
That there 's no truth in ancient tradition—
Paris ne'er gave an apple away.

There 's a youth who has been here a season
More brief than he proudly relates,
Who says that he can't see the reason
Why people go back to the States.

And he 's placed, by a just dispensation,
Next a man who views France with a
frown,

"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

And who says "the U. S. is the nation,"
And he'd just like to show us *his* town.

Over beefsteakless breakfasts he's moaning,
Undeterred when they quote, "When in
Rome,"
And he tells how the tables are groaning
In that halcyon country called "home."

Mamma revels most in art's treasures,
Kate dotes on her dear Rue la Paix,
While I take the idlest of pleasures
When we stroll on some sunny old *quai*.

And as for the students that pass us,
They're such a diversified class;
For some seek to scale Mount Parnassus,
And some only haunt Montparnasse.

But whatever their aims or ambitions,
For a season all people repair

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

To this greatest of all expositions,
This wondrous affair of the Fair.

It's a huge panorama of splendours,
A pageant of all of the arts ;
A vision of *virtu* and venders,
A *mélange* of music and marts.

But you know, dear, it matters not whether
I go to the Fair or the Bois ;
Be it stormy or sunshiny weather,
I'm thinking most fondly *à toi*.

And you, are you making quotations
That cause perturbation on 'change ?
Are you deep in your mining flotations,
And talking of section and range ?

Are you dwelling on drifts and on drilling,
Till pocket-books bore through men's coats ?
When the mine-shaft with water is filling,
Are you watering stock till it floats ?

"SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT."

Then I hold it were certainly proper,
Since poets have sung love and gold,
That a story of Cupid and copper
For once should be fittingly told.

So arrange in a fanciful fashion
Terms technical, tender, and terse,
And put your pursuits and your passion
In the frame of your versatile verse.

Mingle touches of sweet and satiric,
Play your words with a Hood's subtle art,
Make it dainty as Locker's best lyric,
Picturesque as the poems of Harte.

You must rival Praed's wittiest phrases
And Dobson's deft touch of romance
When you sing the perfections and praises
Of a certain young woman in France,

Whose new Paris gowns give their wearer
A quite irresistible air,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

And who's told she is growing far fairer
Since she has been here at the Fair.

Write it soon. I shall read it and know it
By heart,—every word, every line,—
And rejoice o'er a new miner poet,
And most—that the poet is mine.

Where Dreams Abound.

THE old street lured me on one day,
To follow where it wound its way,
Through dim arcades where scarce a ray
Of light could enter ;
By grim old gates, where gargoyles odd
Mocked at some gaily decked façade ;
Far from the squares where tourists trod
The city's centre.

Past sombre walls, whose sides were scarred
By tablets Time had worn and marred,
Whose heights the mild-eyed pigeons guard
In quiet leisure ;
Until a tiny shop I spied,
Whose leaded window vainly tried
Behind a veil of dust to hide
Its varied treasure.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

This most allured me. I can pass
A shop with vast expanse of glass,
That flaunts its wares, like some light lass,
 To all who view it ;
But 'neath a weatherbeaten shrine,
As cobwebbed as a priceless wine,
“ *Antiquitäten* ” on the sign,—
 Ne'er could I do it.

There must I enter and explore,
Although my purse holds slender store,
And so I oped the aged-stained door,
 With heart swift beating ;
And faced a bent and wrinkled crone,
With gnarled old hands, “ worn to the bone,”
Whose touch as tremulous had grown
 As was her greeting.

The filtering light had lent its grace
To touch a roll of altar-lace
Into the high-light of the place ;
 And gave fresh glory

To softened tints which Time had made
In a quaint cape of rich brocade,
Whose tattered fringes fairly prayed
 To tell their story.

Ah me! What varied ghosts would rise,
In grief or shame or mild surprise,
If, 'mongst all these antiquities,
 Each claimed its owner.
How many years their course have sped
Since men have numbered with the dead
The careless beauty whose light tread
 Thrilled that ring's donor.

And was it rage, or greed of gain,
Or jealousy's most bitter pain,
Which gave that poniard its brown stain?
 In what dark alley
Did he who struck with deadly might
Crouch, listening, till one came that night
Whose stiffened eyes ne'er more saw light
 On hill or valley?

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

Who was the monk the shadows' tricks
Summoned once more across the Styx,
Before his carven crucifix

Devoutly kneeling?

Why did the still air hint of sighs,
And smouldering fires in sombre eyes,
And pale lips murmuring litanies

With fervent feeling?

Who were the peasant pair whose gains
Were lavished on those girdle-chains,
To dower the daughter whom fond swains

Should seek in marriage?

Perchance, beyond the distant seas,
Some fair grand-daughter lolls at ease,
Or drives in state, when she doth please,

With pair and carriage.

Or so I mused. The while the gloom
Of twilight thickening through the room
Evoked the past, as faint perfume

Recalls the roses.

WHERE DREAMS ABOUND.

Till in that tiny mirror there,—
As treasured as a *reliquaire*—
A winsome face peeped out, more fair
 Than art discloses.

Call it illusion—what you will—
I only know I treasure still
A girl's arch glance, and that keen thrill
 It did engender.
Within her eyes one could divine
A coquetry demure and fine,
Although the red lips' gracious line
 Was curved and tender.

Just for a moment I could swear
A light breeze ruffled the brown hair,
And showed a shoulder gleaming bare
 'Neath filmy laces.
It stirred the rosebud deftly placed
Within the bodice which encased
A slender, supple, girlish waist,
 That shamed the Graces.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

Then in a breath, the blurred old glass
Reflected once again the mass
Of silks and silver, beads and brass,
 In motley blending.

Yet for the vision it had known,
I bought it from the Norn-like crone,
Whose dull, low, even monotone
 Seemed neverending,

And oft I muse how, long ago,
In some grim *Schloss* or gay *Château*,
Its dainty owner smiled to know
 By its reflection,
That she was lovely as he vowed,
That brave young knight, whom, 'mongst the
 crowd
Of gay gallants, she had endowed
 With her affection.

All idle fancies—you begin?—
Nay, no dream comes but once has been.

WHERE DREAMS ABOUND.

They are but echoes of the din
Of long-past action.
They are the melodies that rise
From every heart's hid harmonies,
And in the dreamer's art there lies
Most satisfaction.

Paris—from the Left Bank.

F OOLS may fight for wealth, but I drink
the health

Of the man in his youth's bright day,
Who has eyes that see, and the luck to be
In the blithe old *quartier*.

What more happy fate than with heart elate
To struggle and work and paint,
To speed life along with a snatch of song
Or the lilt of a rondel quaint.

And why should I care, though my walls are
bare,—

My fancy has freer play,
And my day-dreams glows lend *couleur de rose*
To my gray *atelier*.

PARIS—FROM THE LEFT BANK.

When the twilight hour ends my working
power,
I'm quit of my *cinquième*,
Though I leave my card, and my door un-
barred,
In case of a call from Fame.

How the shadows mass in the dark *Impasse*—
And see ! what a colour-note
Is the perfect hue of the faded blue
Of that *ouvrier's* tattered coat.

Shall I stop, perchance, for one more fond
glance
At the courtyard I love so well—
Shall I skirt the *quai* and pursue my way
By the jewelled Sainte-Chapelle—

Or 'twere wiser to start down rue Bonaparte,
On no less than grim hunger's plea,
For I dine to-night, since my purse is light,
At the Delambre *crémèrie*.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

How the gray tones blend at the daylight's
end,

And what gift could good-fortune bring
That I 'd hold as dear, as to be just here
In the heart of great France and spring !

I can make my peace at old St. Sulpice
On a blue-skied festal day,
And then fare a-field, where the forests yield
To the rapture of life in May,

Or through silvery rain I can cross the Seine
By the Pont du Carrousel,
And repace the halls on whose storied walls
Hang *les vieux maîtres immortels*.

Or the *Salon* waits, and — blessed be the
fates !—

My "*Matin*" is on the line,
And my *confrère's* praise sets my blood ablaze
With a finer fire than wine.

PARIS—FROM THE LEFT BANK.

Or I stroll and dream till the sun's red gleam
Has signalled that day is done,
While its last rays roam to the great gold
dome
O'er the little Corsican.

But wherever I go, I am sure to grow
With beauty and art acquaint.
Ah! What better task could a mortal ask
Than to paint—and paint—and paint!

Ballade of Beaucaire.

BACK in the days when belles and beaux
Still called their porters and their
chair,

When Nash in autocratic pose,
Ruled o'er the Pump-room revels there,
You came to Bath, Monsieur Beaucaire,
As barber-gamester, yet you chose
To masque as Duke of far No-Where,—
All for the crimson of a rose.

Gaily you chaffed that worst of foes,
The titled cheat you held in snare.
Softly you sued till Heart-of-Snows
Warmed into love's own springtime fair.
Then came the onslaught. Debonair,
Brave and keen-skilled you fought till close,
Though where your waistcoat showed a tear,
Blossomed the crimson of a rose.

BALLADE OF BEAUCAIRE.

Taunted and scorned. Yet bitterer blows
My Lady Mary had to bear
As at the last, Fate did disclose
How proud a name was yours to wear,
When, facing all the candles' flare,
She saw die out love's roseate glows,
While to the fiddles' wandering air
Crumbled the crimson of a rose.

ENVOY.

Prince—with a score of names to spare—
Strange are the truths the masquer knows.
Strange what a man will do—and dare—
Just for the crimson of a rose.

The Little Goat-herd.

ERE Fashion stirs from her belated slumbers

These matchless mornings of a perfect May,
Ere tourists sally forth in countless numbers
To “do ” all Paris in a single day ;
While yet uncrowded is the Bon-Marché,
Ere Niké’s first admirer pays his call,—
I catch the music of a sylvan lay,
And see performed a pretty pastoral.

Down the wide street where early traffic jostles,
Where man most unpolitely calls to man,
Comes, sweet as May-time mating-song of
throistles,
The old-time music of the pipes of Pan.
Just as in days when world-romance began
And every stream and woodland nymph was
glad

THE LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

To hear the reed sing how the river ran,—
So pipes to-day a blue-bloused peasant lad.

And lured as then by music's fascination,
Six grave-faced goats proceed with mien demure,

As who should say: "No bovine imitation
Should e'er be tried. Goat's milk is always pure."

Gray seem the streets, and sombre and mature

Our town-bred lives in these be-crowded days
Beside the careless lilt that serves as lure,
Beside this glimpse of woodland wiles and ways.

Meantime a dog, with guardian devotion,
Watches and warns of dangers they must flee,

All the wild rush of modern locomotion—
He guides and guards this tour from Arcady.
His is a deep responsibility,
Lightened by love and one bright hope alone,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

For genial *Jacques* at yon small *boucherie*,
Watches each day to toss to him a bone.

And so they pass. The lithe-limbed, blue-
bloused peasant
Piping, blithe-hearted, his primeval lay,
The goats serene, the watch-dog ever present,
Vanish from sight on some far-homeward
way.

I hope when tender twilight lulls the day,
They reach, at last, some quiet, rustic spot,
A clear, cool, pebbly brook that winds in
play
Through fragrant fields; a neat vine-covered
cot,

Where waits, perchance, a Phyllis shy and
slender,
As fond and fair as e'er by poet sung.
For lads still love and lassies still are tender,
Our world is old, but Love is always young.

THE LITTLE GOAT-HERD.

Still is Romance our only common tongue
While all our worldly dialects disagree :
And so I dream they stroll soft shades among,
Beneath the song-stirred skies of Arcady.

The Security Needful.

I SAUNTERED down the garden walk,
For once regardless of the posies.
Though scarlet shafts of hollyhock
Vied in their splendour with the roses,
Though lilies laid their bosoms bare,
And pansies tipped their witching faces,
I really was too warm to care :
I only sought for shady places.

And found, at length, a perfect spot,
Cool, breezy, shaded, and secluded,
And, crowning joy of all the lot !
A cosy, rustic seat included.
I sat me down, warm but elate ;
Ere long a cooling circulation
Restored me to my normal state,
And so I turned to meditation.

“How easily we men are blest!”
So I began my modest musing;
“Our simplest pleasures are our best,
And pastoral joys are to my choosing.
Here, shaded from the glowing sun,
What do I lack? But one thing only.”
For here it struck me that for one
The seat was rather large and lonely.

“Yes, solitude is tame at best,
But solitude *à deux* is charming;
Were Helen here, I should be blest
Beyond all fear of earthly harming.”
I had not told the maid my love—
The time had never seemed propitious;
But once I helped her clasp her glove,
And oh, the moment was delicious!

“Never the loved one and the time
And place together,” said the poet.
I vowed it was a foolish rhyme,
And thought that I’d proceed to show it.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

“ Here and to-night, beneath the moon,
I'll bring the maid, and ask her whether
She will be mine : soon, very soon,
I'll have love, time, and place together.”

A shadow fell across the grass,
And 'neath a parasol held neatly
Came *Helen*—with Lieutenant Cass !
She smiled upon him, oh, so sweetly :
He had an air of conscious bliss,—
I felt a sudden, deep dejection,—
Then, unrebuked, he stole a kiss
Beneath that parasol's protection.

Enough. Once more I trod the walk,
This time as though a demon prodded,
The while from every swaying stalk
The saucy blossoms smiled and nodded.
“ It is n't nice,” they seemed to say,
“ To find you're disregarded, is it ?
Perhaps you'll chance to glance this way
Next time you pay this walk a visit.”

THE SECURITY NEEDFUL.

I am a wiser man to-day

For one short hour of introspection,
The while I took my homeward way,

For I evolved this sage reflection :
Who first gets time and place secured

May find his love go all unheeded,
But he who has his love secured

Will find the time and place when needed.

Advice—Masculine.

WHILE Cupid sways this mundane
sphere
And men are only human,
She is most wise who won't appear
Too reasonable a woman.

Alack that Fate ordained it so !
'T is passing melancholy ;
But naught that Reason e'er can show
Is half so sweet as Folly.

In arrant whims some witchcraft lies
That logic ever misses,
And common-sense looks plain to eyes
That seek capricious blisses.

While unto every lover's fire
It adds a wealth of fuel,

If she who doth his love inspire
Is sometimes rather cruel.

Know what you will, mesdames, but know
The acme of all Knowledge
Is Tact, albeit, we cannot show,
Its chair in any college.

Keep some small foibles,—for I deem,
You have them, being human,—
And so *be* what you do *not* seem,—
A reasonable woman.

The Return of Mabel.

SPREAD the news, ye kettledrums,
Let the town applaud ;
Home the conquering Mabel comes
From a trip abroad.

Gay frou-frou of Paris gowns
Sounds upon the stairs ;
Hats from Virot's are the crowns
Which she proudly wears.
Such a swirl of perfumed lace,
Glint of jewelled gaud—
These proclaim in every place
Mabel's been abroad.

Tales of foreign triumph come ;
Dukes thrilled at her nod ;
Earls before her charms were dumb :
Flower-strewn paths she trod ;

THE RETURN OF MABEL.

Bent were many titled knees ;
Every tongue did laud.
'T was to win such joys as these
Mabel went abroad.

Says she thought the Louvre a bore ;
Liked the Bon Marché
Fontainbleau? How it did pour!
Spoiled her hat that day.
Art? So stupid ! Nice *cafés*.
Never heard of Claude.
Not in study were the days
Mabel spent abroad.

So she 's won her coronet.
Little do I care ;
Naught have I of vain regret ;
'T is n't my affair.
There 's no happier man than I :
I 'm to marry Maud,
Mabel's sister. What care I
That *Mabel's* been abroad !

Through Love's Eyes.

“**W**HAT John would do” was all her
 theme,
 The burden of her song ;
I knew him not, but it did seem
 The list of deeds was long.

Did fiction sketch a hero bold,
 Who scaled some Alpine peak
Where starry edelweiss unfold,
 One precious flower to seek ;

Or did he save from fire or flood
 Of lives a score or two,
She said,—just as I knew she would,—
 “ That ’s just what John would do ! ”

Perchance she read of one who foiled
 A villain's subtle plan

THROUGH LOVE'S EYES.

By counterplot that neatly spoiled
The scheme of wicked man ;

Or did the lover in the book
With passion sigh and sue,
She said, with reminiscent look,
“ That ’s just what John would do ! ”

The war broke out, and then we read
Of valour on the sea ;
But still the selfsame words she said,
With tender pride, to me.

Until (this broke the camel’s back,
And broke it badly, too),
When Hobson sunk the *Merrimac*
“ ’T was *just* what John would do ! ”

Then I demanded sight of John—
Tall, awkward, twenty-four ;
He twirled his thumbs, he trod upon
My skirt—he was a bore.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

But how he loved her ! As he ought,
For well she loved him, too ;
And much I marvelled as I thought
What love (like John) would do.

Love's rosy light straightway conceals
All flaws in Nature's plan ;
The angel in the maid reveals
The hero in the man.

With such illusions Reason tries,
But all in vain, to cope ;
For every lover thinks his eyes
Are like a microscope.

While Reason scoffs,—“ the light that lies,”—
Love laughs at Reason, too,
And says through softened light the eyes
May get a truer view.

Nor mine Love's logic to deplore ;
For if the truth were said,
All, all she said of John, and more,
I know is true of Ned.

As It Must Have Happened Occasionally.

IN an ivy-trellised cottage
By a vast expanse of wood,
Lived a shy and winsome maiden,
As romances say there should ;
Eyes as blue as myosotis,
Shape as slender as a fawn,
Cheeks aglow with dainty flushes,
Like the goddess of the dawn.

Every morning from her window
Would she gaze with wistful eyes,—
Would he come, that gallant horseman,
Who should see her with surprise,
Then with rapture, love, and longing ;
Who should woo and win and wed—

As they did without exception
In the stories she had read.

But the spring flowered into summer,
And the summer winged its flight,
And the autumn harvests ripened,
And the winter snows were white ;
While each night she pressed her pillow
With a blonde, impatient head,
And each morning to her mirror,
“ Will he come to-day ? ”—she said.

But when once again the forest
Robed its limbs in dainty green,
When the lilacs' fragrant blossoms
Lent their purple to the scene ;
When the raptured birds, full-throated,
Spent themselves in passioned song,—
Every tender force of Nature
Whispered—“ It will not be long.”

Oft the highway's white dust lifted,
But the postman clattered by ;

HAPPENED OCCASIONALLY.

Or some yokel drove his oxen,
Or there passed the village fly :
Once there was a youth who halted,
Lips a-smile and eyes a-light,
But 't was sun-browned Tom, the farmer,
And she waited for her knight.

* * * * *

Came one perfect day in summer
When the earth seemed joy-opprest,
And—" He'll come to-day "—she murmured.
THAT DAY PASSED LIKE ALL THE
REST.

The Song of Tact.

(*"Il ne faut pas parler du corde dans la maison
d'un pendu."*)

YOU 'LL agree, I am sure, 't is only too
true
And a sad and deplorable fact,
That the things we 'd give most to unsay and
undo
Were caused by a lacking of tact.

Now the French have a proverb as clear as a
bell

On this subject—(you 've heard it, I hope)—
"In the house of a man who was hanged,"—
(Mark it well!)—
"One never should mention a rope."

THE SONG OF TACT.

If you call on a maid who is growing *passée*,
Do not dwell on "youth's 'vantage to cope
With all ills" — "girlhood's flush, far too
dainty to stay"—
Beware! You are mentioning rope!

If you meet an acquaintance whose stocks
have gone down,
Do not talk of "big profits in soap,"—
Or "Smith's shrewd deal in wheat"—or, "the
great luck of Brown!—"—
You are certainly mentioning rope!

If you tell the plain heiress of "men who're
for sale,"—
Or the sick of "a case beyond hope,"—
Or talk "crime" to a man with a brother in
jail,
Have a care! You are mentioning rope!

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

So the rule will hold good in all cases, you'll
find,

If you're talking with peasant or Pope,—
“In the house of a man who was hanged,”—
(Bear in mind!)—

“One *never* should mention a rope!”

Two Players and their Play.

PRISCILLA wears a fetching coat
Of brightest scarlet hue,
And 'neath her jaunty golfing skirt
She shows a dainty shoe
(Two shoes, in fact, but for my verse
One shoe will have to do).

Priscilla has of clubs a score ;
She chatters all the while
Of putters, drivers, mashies, cleeks,
Of stance and swing and style ;
You 'd think, to hear her talk the game,
That she could drive a mile.

But when Priscilla takes those clubs,
Upon a summer day,
And marches to the teeing-ground,
I much regret to say

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

That, spite of all this festal guise,
Priscilla cannot play.

She tops her ball ; then divots fly ;
In bunkers long she stays ;
She fozzles all along the course
In most astounding ways :
In sooth, it is an eerie thing,
The way Priscilla plays.

Our champion at golf is Ned ;
He has a wondrous knack
Of doing holes in three or four ;
He brings each trophy back :
And yet he likes to play with Pris—
Odd, for a golfiac !

But there's a game Priscilla plays
With more than mortal art :
In every witching glance she gives,
Flies Cupid's deadliest dart ;
It is a game of hearts, wherein
She captures every heart.

TWO PLAYERS AND THEIR PLAY.

Ned plays at this with all his strength,
But oh, his skill is small ;
The conquering monarch of the green
Waits bluely in her hall ;
Worse is it to address a maid
Than to address a ball.

And yet—beginner's luck!—he wins,
For rules are not the same ;
Who presses when he plays for hearts
Will win no word of blame :
Pris loves him, though he is, she says,
A foozler at that game.

At the Sign of “La Cruche Cassée.”

ON my wall hangs a dainty porcelain plate,
Where a tiny maiden, disconsolate,
And a cat that is far from gay,
Have brought to a yellow-haired lad who sits
On a bench, a pitcher broken in bits,
Which, while she weeps, he glues and fits
At the sign of “La Cruche Cassée.”

There are many proofs of his skill in view,
Jars and pitchers made “good as new!”
And done “*à meilleur marché*,”
While from his signboard a mended plate
Suspended, is holding a great iron weight,
To show that the glue is as sure as fate
At the sign of “La Cruche Cassée!”

"LA CRUCHE CASSÉE."

The signboard is tinted a wonderful pink,
And its list contains every known thing, I
think,

That could ever be "*raccommodée*,"—
The floor is of tile that is really fine,—
At the back is a wonderful climbing vine,—
And the picture by Greuze, which serves as a
sign,

The sign of "La Cruche Cassée!"

The little maid's heart with distress seems
filled,

And the kitten is mourning the milk that was
spilled,

But I think, from the eager way
That the dear little mender is working,
that he

Is just as in love with the maid as can be,
And is dreaming of marriage and kisses and
glee,

At the sign of "La Cruche Cassée!"

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

What is the moral? The cat's inclined
To—"Who enters, leaves hope (of the milk)
behind!"

But the one I prefer to say,
Is—One may mend all things if one has the
art,
Or the luck to apply at the proper mart—
This rule will apply to each broken heart—
Hey! The sign of "La Cruche Cassée!"

The Friends of our Friends.

LEST we grow by degrees to be too much
at ease,
Kind Heaven in discipline sends,
As a means true and tried to reduce any pride,
The wonderful friends of our friends.

We have friends keen and kind, who are just
to our mind,
Whose mood with our mood always blends ;
But we have to endure, as an ill without cure,
The marvellous friends of our friends.

It may happen our name has become known
to fame,
That a critic our verses commends ;
But we sink in our shoes when we read the
reviews
Of the books by the friends of our friends.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

Though we journey afar to the most distant
star,

Though we go to the universe-ends,
We shall meet with the bore who has done
it,—and more,—

And he's such a good friend of our friends.

Should it chance we have bowed in the draw-
ing-room's crowd,

Where royalty favour extends,
There is not a crowned head of the living or
dead

But has smiled on some friend of our friends.

Should caprice rule the day, and our whim
have its way,

It is never our friends it offends,
But 't will shock, so they fear, those proper,
severe,

And remarkable friends of our friends.

THE FRIENDS OF OUR FRIENDS.
.....

So in each spot and sphere we are outclassed,
 't is clear,
Till to ruin our temper it tends;
We could take out our lease of an infinite
 peace,
Were it not for the friends of our friends.

Two Poets.

HE writes great odes which critics praise
And friends place on their table,
While I turn every thought and phrase
To make a song to Mabel.

Fame is his guerdon, art his creed,
He wears distinction's label ;
But I—I have the greater meed
When I win praise from Mabel.

Fair is the maid, more fair by far
Than aught in fact or fable ;
There ne'er had been a Trojan war
Had Paris first seen Mabel.

Oh, were my castles *not* in Spain,
What gems and costly sable

TWO POETS.

And priceless lace would I obtain
As fitting gifts to Mabel!

So when I read how papers vie
For news of him, by cable,
“Poor fellow!” I can only sigh,
“*You* are not loved by Mabel.”

Though fame attaches to his name
In all the tongues of Babel,
My own can greater honour claim
When it is borne by Mabel.

And though he's reached Parnassus' height,
Though critics call him able,
Some much prefer the songs I write—
I do, and so does Mabel.

Hearts the same, though Times
may Change.

WHEN dryad-haunted groves were gay
With nymphs' and satyrs' frolic,
Youth told its love in tuneful lay
And wooed in style bucolic ;
And Corydon by Phyllis' side
Strolled slow through leafy ways,
While young Dan Cupid served as guide
In those idyllic days.

Now, in this hurried age of ours,
Untended are the flocks ;
For Corydon leaves sylvan bowers
To speculate in stocks,
And, plunging in with " bulls " and " bears,"
In Wall street's rush and jam,

T I M E S M A Y C H A N G E .

He deals in margins, sells his shares,
And proves he is no lamb.

No aimless walks does Phyllis take.
She marches briskly off,
With clubs of every size and make,
To play a game of golf ;
And neatly does she make her "tee,"
And clear her cry of "Fore!"
She drives and putts most gracefully,
And makes a splendid score.

Yet still Romance doth play its part :
Upon the links to-day
Young Corydon poured forth his heart,
Nor did she say him nay ;
But quick she dimpled when he sent
(Such guile have lovers all)
The caddie, who reluctant went,
To find a phantom ball.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

“A sordid age,” the critics say,
“And sentiment is over.”
Why, Love holds autocratic sway!
Youth always is a lover.
And so ’t will ever be the same
Where there is lass and laddie.
Howe’er the world may change the game,
Dan Cupid is the caddie.

Two Women.

THERE are two women whom well I
wot,
And one is clever and one is not.

One labours, her livelihood to gain,
With a "really almost masculine brain,"
And the skilful work from her ready pen
Has won applause from the world of men ;
And the labels she wears in the social mart
Are "brilliant" and "witty" and "keen" and
"smart."

And one just gets, by the sunniest smiles
And the most transparent of feminine wiles,
The things she wants, from her own liege lord,
By whom she is petted and quite adored ;

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

And if there are other much-coveted ends,
She has always a host of obliging friends
Who are more than delighted to be of use
To "such a dear little helpless goose."

There are two women whom well I wot,
And one is clever and one is not.

Song.

BUT yestereve my lad was here,
And now he's gone away ;
He said he loved me passing dear,
I had no word to say.
 'T is more than kind
 I 'd be, he 'd find,
 If he should come to-day.

He begged I 'd give him one small kiss
But I—I said him nay ;
It seems I would not greatly miss
So small a thing to-day.
 Have what he would,
 My laddie should,
 But oh, he's gone away !

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

What care I for my Sunday gown,

My hat with feathers gay?

I will not glance at lads in town

When he has gone away.

I'd let him know

I love him so,

If he were here to-day.

Who's that? My lad? He didn't go?

He's turning in this way?

Quick! Where's the gown he fancies so?

My heart! What shall I say?

I must be sure

To be demure—

How *can* I be, to-day!

The Triumph of Truth.

HE.

IF you should say that you couldn't guess
What I've tried to tell you the summer
through,
Come, Nellie, honestly now, confess,
Would that be true?

SHE.

If you should say that though girls galore
Have been jolly and chummy, and quite
liked you,
You were never really in love before,
Would that be true?

HE.

If you should say, from the very start
You have always fancied that I liked Prue,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

That you must take time ere you know your
heart,

Would that be true?

SHE.

If you should say that you never flirt,
That you never stay at your club till two,
That you think Pauline is both flat and pert,
Would that be true?

HE.

If you should say you regret I'm rich,
That you'd like me better without a sou,
That you'd love a flat, and to cook and stitch,
Would that be true?

SHE.

But if, perchance, I am far too wise
To fib in the manner that most girls do—

THE TRIUMPH OF TRUTH

HE.

And if, abjuring the usual lies,

I should say, of all girls that I ever knew,
(And your predecessors form quite a line,

The dearest, the sweetest, the best is you,
Is it true that you 'll promise you will be
mine?

SHE.

Yes, dear, it 's true.

Les Deux Artistes.

THE house was packed to the very doors,
For the actress was Victorine
In her greatest play ; and the royal box
Held her Majesty, the Queen.

Each supreme in her world and way,
Beautiful both and young,
Envied both by the rest of the world,
Flattered and fêted and sung.

And yet, at the end, as applause rings high
In recalls for Victorine,
“ But hers is the life to lead ! ” pouts she,
With an envious glance at the Queen.

And as at the Ambassador’s flattering phrase
The Queen’s fair head inclines,
“ ’T were easy to play one’s *rôle*, ” she sighs,
“ If one were given the lines ! ”

Desertion is Human.

MY collie and I, this crisp night in October,
Are watching the sparks from the pine-log's
bright blaze :
And I'll own I am feeling decidedly sober
As I dream, o'er my pipe, of those dear old
June days,

When the whole earth exulted in sunshiny
weather,
And donned her flower-'broidered mantle of
green ;
And Phyllis and I went a-strolling together,
Through a love-lighted land where she ruled
as the queen.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

There was never so dainty, bewitching a
maiden
As Phyllis, in some much-befrilled muslin
gown,
With a Gainsborough shading soft eyes,
laughter-laden,
Or hiding shy glances 'twixt lashes of brown.

I saw the whole world with a roseate vision,
And worked at my Art with a hearty good-
will,
And the sketches I made were of meadows
Elysian
Where Loves ran a-riot—I have them all still!

What ended it all? Oh, young Cræsus came
wooing—
The old, hackneyed story!—Yet, somehow, it
seemed
Just as hard to endure when it caused my un-
doing
As though it were something unheard-of, un-
dreamed!

DESERTION IS HUMAN.

Well, I have my Art, and my pipe, and my
collie,

But pictures are canvas, and statues but stone—
The pipe has gone out, and one doesn't feel
jolly

When he sits by a smouldering fire quite alone !

Come up here, old fellow—there—head on my
knee—so.

You give me affection that's certain to last ;
And we'll cheer up, old dog, for, since what is
must be so,

It can't help bad matters to mourn o'er the
past,

So I'll fill up my pipe and then start the smoke
curling,

And put a fresh log on the smouldering fire :—
The room grows more cheerful, for Comfort
is furling

Her wings, to remain in the place of Desire.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

And those sketches! They're clever! Judi-
ciously scattered

They 'd illustrate many a poem or tale—

'T is the way of the world, when our idols are
shattered

To market their pedestals—SKETCHES
FOR SALE!

Her Love-Song.

SHE wrote a song where love and longing
 blended
 Into a flood of feeling deep and strong;
It seemed that when her dream of love was
 ended
 She voiced each heart-throb in impassioned
 song.

Of those who read it, one, with listless fingers
 Turning the pages of the magazines,
Smiled a vain smile. "And so the memory
 lingers.
 Poor little soul! Of course 't is me she
 means."

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

One read it at his club, and groaned in spirit :

“ Oh, sweetheart, had I known ! ” Then
threw it down,

Vowed the grate smoked,—no comfort sitting
near it,—

And gave his wife her wished-for Paris gown.

One read it with moist eyes, and then re-read
it,

And kissed the page. “ Would I had been
the man

You loved, beloved ! ” Sighed then as he said
it,

Nor knew the race was yet to him who ran.

Because she wrote it for a simple reason :

For a new hat her girlish soul did long,
And funds were low. It was the Easter sea-
son.

You see the point? She *had* to write that
song !

The Subtler Sight.

THE world, that thinks itself so wise,
Declares that Love is blind.
Alack ! He does not use his eyes
Who sees but with the mind :
Love gives a keener, subtler sight,
As Prue and I agree,
We've found it so since that dear night
She gave her heart to me.

The sky—'t was gray at best before—
Now turquoise clear discloses,
And florists I knew not of yore
Now save their choicest roses ;
While all my thoughts and all my dreams
Are how to give her joy—
Her little brother really seems
A very pleasant boy.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

What filled my life before ! No doubt
There was some dull routine
Of office, dinner, ball or rout—
How poor it seems and mean !
But now at four each day she brews
Two fragrant cups of tea,
The while we sip, we plan and choose
The cottage that 's to be.

For cynic wits, whose minds are dense
With knowledge worldly-wise,
The dingy light of common-sense
Seems brightest earthly prize ;
Yet Fate, perhaps, to them is kind,
As Prue and I agree,
They do not know they are the blind,
That only Love can see.

In Answer.

HAVE I altered, you ask in your letter,
Which came but a short hour ago,—
Except that my French is much better,
Dear Ned, I can truly say “No.”

You “fear that the glamour and glitter
Of frivolous fashion in France
Will make some bright title seem fitter
Than our far more humble romance.”

Well, I’ve had several excellent offers
To adorn some half-ruined *châteaux*
With my *beaux yeux*—and my coffer’s—
But I answered decidedly—“No.”

’T was not that the castles were crumbling—
I thrill o’er a mouldering moat,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

And on towers that are tottering and tumbling
And rambling old ruins I dote.

But though the most picturesque portals
Gain beauty as ruined they grow,
My taste in mere masculine mortals
Prefers them grown upright, you know.

And I hold to that primitive notion
That love is the luckiest lot,
And I don't care a fig for devotion
That must be inspired by a *dot*.

So, untroubled by titled ambitions
And unmoved by French fervour and woe,
“*Non, merci*,”—I say, with additions,
Like our gallant old friend Cyrano.

I've heard all the news of the city,
The scandals, surmises, and sales,—
For I've had sixteen pages from Kitty
Criss-crossed with minutest details.

IN ANSWER.

She says she 's had many a visit
From a not-inconsolable beau,
It 's not you she is hinting at, is it ?
But of course I am sure you 'll say " No."

She tells me Aunt Prue 's in a flurry
When the new rector calls—at *her* age !
That Carrie is coaching in Surrey,
And Charlotte has gone on the stage ;

That John went unscathed through the panic,
But now is determined to go
To the ends of the earth—per Germanic—
In case she persists in her " No."

She says—But enough of her chatter—
I 'm afraid you were blue when you wrote.
How I 'd like to discuss—any matter '
With my head on your dear shabby coat,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

You 're impatient, you bid me remember,
Dear Ned, I 'm so glad it is so,
And since you insist on September
Be sure that I shall not say "No."

To Arcady.

IN varying tones they make their plea,
The young and old and worldly wise,
Cajoling, plaintive, wistfully :
“ Tell us the way to Arcady ;
We fain would see Arcadian skies,
Would live that wondrous life and free ;
Tell us the way to Arcady.”

But I—I sing : “ Though there must be
Full many a path that wends its way
By hedge and woodland, dale and lea,
To that dear land of Arcady,
I’ve but a single word to say :
Wherever Phyllis treads with me,
The way leads straight to Arcady.”

On the Rebound.

O F course, we 'd met the winter through
At balls and teas, but then, you
know,

I thought the world of Ted Carew,
Who 'd been devoted, and I knew
John was in love with Kittie Snow

So Tuesday night, at Kittie's ball,
When they announced she was engaged
To Ted Carew, I thought I 'd fall
Or faint—I really can't recall
When I 've been so stunned or enraged !

She 's such a scheming girl—and then
Oh, lots of times, I 've heard Ted say
He thought she looked so silly when
She tried to flirt. Oh, dear, some men
Can't keep the same mind through the day !

ON THE REBOUND.

Well, Wednesday came, and as 't was Lent,
And I was blue about it all,
I thought the day would be best spent
In some good work, and so I went
To take flowers to the hospital.

And passing by, who should I see
As at their door, with all my flowers
I stood, but John ! He said that he
Thought time best spent in charity—
I said those were my happiest hours.

Well, that began it. Then we found
Our tastes alike in everything.
We think respect 's the proper ground
For love, and ours is strong and sound.

.
Mine 's twice as big as Kittie's ring !

The Suit of Hearts.

A Whist Problem.

TIME was when only stately dames
With silvered hair, and old gallants
Accounted whist the queen of games,
While gay youth revelled in the dance ;
But times and women change ;—to-day
Tennis has palled and Tennyson,
While Phyllis studies up the play
Of Cavendish and Hamilton.

But when *my* suit of hearts I show
Her keen finesse she puts to use,
So that each day I never know
Whether I'll feel like king or deuce,
Till, "Tell me, dear!" I cry at length,
"How can my wished-for point be won?
You know in hearts are all my strength,
My diamond is a singleton!"

THE SUIT OF HEARTS.

Her rippling laughter rings out clear,
And makes my heart go rub-a-dub.
“I think,” she says, “you need not fear
If you will discard every club !”
“Dear, learn !” I cry, as to resist
My ardour she makes demonstration,
“The charm of kisses, as of whist,
Lies in the test of duplication !”

The Barrel-Organ Man.

THERE is a man who ne'er despairs
What e'er may be the day.
Though tattered are the clothes he wears,
Though people give him stony stares,
He just grinds out the same old airs
In just the same old way.

It is the barrel-organ man :
He simply does the best he can.

Some days no friendly windows raise,
No hand bestows a dime ;
For him there sounds no word of praise,
“Get out !” is not a soothing phrase,
But he—he bides his time.

This patient barrel-organ man,
He grinds away as best he can.

THE BARREL-ORGAN MAN.

Yet sometimes little children greet
His melodies with glee,
And pennies jingle on the street
And childish voices ring out sweet,
And "More, please," is their plea.
And then the barrel-organ man,
He grinds as gaily as he can.

But when I "take my pen in hand,"
To write a bit of verse,
Just as the Muse's wings have fanned
My brow, he takes his patient stand,
And grinds until I feel the brand
Of Cain is not a curse.
But still the barrel-organ man,
He grinds as loudly as he can.

His repertoire, it changeth not,
I know its fatal blight:
"Sweet Alice" ne'er will be forgot,
Next, "Old Kentucky Home" 's the spot,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

And then, forsooth, there faileth not

Lilt of "the old town to-night."

Thus doth the baleful organ-man

Destroy my peace whene'er he can.

And still he comes with steadfast mind

To haunt the house each day,

Through summer suns and winter wind,

He still doth come and grind and grind

And grind and grind and grind and GRIND

Until my mite I pay.

O persevering organ-man !

Teach me your patience if you can.

Embarked for Romance Lands.

STARTING under sunny skies
On a foreign trip :
Friends with flowers and gay goodbyes—
“ What a pleasant ship ! ”

Seated at the captain's right,
Laughter, jest, and quip
Make the dinner-table bright
On the outward trip.

State-room walls begin to sway ;
How the boat does dip !
Through the port-hole comes the spray—
“ What a rolling ship ! ”

Soon the stewardess appears.
“ Coffee ? ” “ Not a sip.”

Seven days seem seven years—

“Such an *endless* trip!”

Rolled up in a steamer-chair,

Wan and pale of lip ;

Still, 't is better in the air.

“See ! we 've passed a ship !”

“Won't you use these glasses ?” “Pray,

Who 's your book by ? Gyp ?”

“No, indeed ; François Coppée.”

“Crossed before ?” “Tenth trip.”

“Won't you walk a bit ? Do try.”

Time begins to slip

Rather more serenely by.

“I quite like this ship.”

“In to-morrow.” “What, so soon !”

Captain's dinner. “Hip,

Hip, hurrah !”—a toast—a tune—

“What a jolly trip !”

EMBARKED FOR ROMANCE LANDS.

Plans to meet again—goodbyes—
Clasp of finger-tip ;
Wise old stars wink smiling eyes—
“ All’s well ” on the ship.

A New-Century Letter.

WHEN in years to come they say
Of the art that's born to-day
What they 're saying now of Lawrences and
Lelys,
When the fashions we hold dear
Shall be classified as "queer",
And they talk about the grand old stage at
Daly's;

When our freshly chiselled stone
To a gray old age has grown,
When the ivy hides some architectural blunders,
When the times men drove a horse—oh,
Seem, like racing on the Corso,
To belong to some romantic age of wonders ;

When the then musicians teach
That though their composers reach
 To a richer realm of higher complication,
One can still derive some pleasure
(Though of course in lesser measure)
 From the simpler old Wagnerian orchestra-
 tion ;

When the children love to hear
How great-grandsires they revere
 Fought and fevered in campaign and camps
 of Cuba,
And the studious novelist delves
In old chests and dusty shelves
 For his data on "In Vengeance for Ma-
 juba" ;

When, beneath a headstone, I
In some quiet close shall lie
 Undisturbed by that new age's agitation,
For I trust no weird invention
Will then call the dead's attention
To the ever-feared decadence of the nation,—

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

(Though inventors skill, it seems,
Makes what once were wildest dreams
Now as commonplace as chat of village cron-
ies,
And there's naught that's past believing
That they may not be achieving
Through the magic of their Teslas and
Marconis.)

Then, it may not matter much
That your lightest finger-touch
Has the power to set my heartstrings all
a-thrilling,
That no melody e'er heard
Is as sweet as your least word,
Or the rapture of your laughter lightly ril-
ling.

In a hundred years, in short,
It may be of small import
What reply you make to this my declaration,

But let that be as it may,
'T is the question of to-day
That outranks all talk of trusts and annexa-
tion.

As you know, my bank account
Is a very snug amount,
So there is no fear of poverty to daunt you.
Ah, Priscilla, answer "Yes"—
For you cannot—can you?—guess
How much—how more than much it is I
want you.

You shall have a country-place,
Town-house, yacht, old gems and lace,
You shall have the happy writer of these
pages—
Will you?—Then I fondly vow
You'll not only bless me now,
Dear, I think 't will matter even through
the ages!

A Homeopathic Practitioner.

ONE day while strolling down a lane,
I found young Strephon lying
Beneath a tree, in bitter pain,
Wounded and wan and sighing.

Within his hand he held a dart,
From out Dan Cupid's quiver,
And while he plained his broken heart,
His tears ran like a river.

"O cruel Cupid!" loud he cried,
"The wound you gave is mortal,
For Chloë has my suit denied,
And turned me from her portal.

Ah, woe is me! I die of love—"
Just then the air was thrilling

With rippling laughter from above,
Tuneful as song-birds' trilling ;

And on a branch that gently swayed
Sat Cupid, deftly stringing
His bow ; then to the wound he 'd made,
Another dart went winging.

"O Coward !" I cried, "the hurt he had
From others should secure him."
"Nay," laughed the wanton little lad ;
"It will not kill but cure him :

For though the former shaft I sent
Was tipped with Chloë's flushes,
Unto the latter one I lent
The charm of Celia's blushes."

And when, next evening, I espied
Celia and Strephon straying
Through woodland pathways, side by side,
With lover-like delaying,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

“Faith! Dr. Cupid,” whispered I,
“Your cures are made instanter;
The famous motto you apply,
‘. . . similibus curantur.’”

Her Portrait.

THE night was warm and the porch was
wide
And the soft wind wafted the music's tune,
As a youth and a maiden sat side by side
' Neath the witching light of the summer
moon.

Said the youth: "There's a maiden I dearly
love;
She's as fair as the daybreak and pure as
gold,
With a voice as soft as a cooing dove,
And a mouth like a bud with one leaf un-
rolled.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

The gleam of her eyes makes the starlight pale,
And she's witty and clever, well-read and
bred—"

The maid's cheeks flushed at this glowing tale
And—"I love you, too"—she said.

The Conquerors.

TWO years ago, young Kate Revere
Was wont to grow most energetic
On how men cramped the woman's sphere,
 (And here her tones were quite prophetic,)
But women, casting off their yoke,
 (To yoke a sphere would seem confusing)
Should show these supercilious folk
 What beings they had been abusing.

“And what are men!” she said in scorn,
 (I blushed to own I thought them clever,
And life without them quite forlorn.)
 “To gain more gold their sole endeavor,—
Mere creatures of their money-bags—”
 (I thought about the cost of bonnets,
And mine was simply worn to rags,—
 It's so uncertain selling sonnets.)

“While women, all their rights denied—”

But here her wrongs, of speech bereft her ;
I seized my chance, said I espied

A friend afar, and turned and left her.

Two years went by, and yesterday

As I was coming from the city,
We met again : I thought she 'd say
She 'd been at work on some committee.

But no. She had a softened air

And once I caught her quoting Dobson—

“We shut our hearts—” I could but stare

As she praised Dewey, Schley and Hobson ;
Then “our brave boys” (Would heavens
fall !)

Her glove was off—a ring !—“Dear Harry !
He was the bravest of them all.”

And women's rights? “the right to marry.”

How mutable are maids, I mused,

An old remark and often quoted
With much of scornfulness infused,

THE CONQUERORS.

By lovers who but lately doted :
Yet change may sometimes be for best,
And who could think this one a pity :
No one, I ween, whom love has blest
But joys to hear Dan Cupid's ditty.

And stay—the war we late did wage
For motives both humane and human,
May thus be writ on History's page :
“ It freed some men and conquered woman.”
For love and war will aye remain
Together, with their weapons laden,
And for each Spaniard Mars hath slain,
Dan Cupid hath brought down a maiden.

A Popular Model.

IF you want to write a novel on an ultra-modern plan,

Here 's a recipe that 's always sure to please :
Take a very faulty mortal, let him be a clergy-
man,

And then show up all his errors at your
ease.

He must be both young and handsome ; he
must have " compelling " eyes ;

He must worship beauty quite as much as
good ;

He must have ideas uncommon in the parish
he supplies ;

He must suffer when he is n't understood.

A POPULAR MODEL.

There must be a dashing damsel with a slow
and wondrous smile,

In her manners and her maxims rather free ;
She must have a knack of dressing in a most
bewitching style,

And a face 't would make Rossetti daft to
see.

There should be an humble sweetheart or a
patient little wife,

That your hero may neglect in every way ;
For the damsel who is dashing is to dominate
his life,

And of course the very mischief is to pay.

Then you add some cynic statements and an
epigram or two,

And some pages in a high, poetic line,
With a dash of allegory, just to help the matter
through

And to make the public think it really fine.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

The world and flesh and devil must all have a
part to play :

Lay the scene, of course, in London ; spice
it well ;

This seems to be the model that is popular
to-day,

And you 'll find you have a book that 's sure
to sell.

“Les Femmes Sont Difficiles.”

AT eighteen, lovely Nell declined
To be admired for aught but mind.

At twenty-one she then averred
She grace and *savoir-faire* preferred.

At twenty-eight, *un peu fanée*,
She only cared for beauty's sway.

And now, at thirty, says, forsooth,
No charm can be as great as youth.

Moral 1.

Who scorns her present charms may find
She lives to mourn those left behind.

Moral 2.

And when you sue for woman's grace,
Praise eighteen's mind and thirty's face.

A Seasonable Reflection.

IN vain I sigh for shady nooks,
Or rustic seats by “purling brooks”—
Alas! ’t is pity.

When Fortune’s favoured leave the heat
For gay resort or cool retreat,
I still must see the dusty street
And noisy city.

Still on my clerkly desk must lean,
Altho’ bright visions peep between
My ledger’s pages,
Of rosy lips and shoulders white,
Of ardent eyes ’neath soft moonlight—
How hard for an unmoneyed wight
This sordid age is!

A SEASONABLE REFLECTION.

For me no moonlit pathways wait,
Where one may stroll with heart elate
O'er fond reminder;
Instead, my evening echoes thrill
With "Maggie Murphy's Home," until
I feel it would be right to kill
That organ-grinder.

Ineligible I! for whom
All mothers wear a look of gloom
And chill disfavour;
And, when I seek the debutante,
Assign me to some maiden aunt,
Whose starchy conversation can't
Have piquant flavour.

To change this: here I am, forsooth,
A tall, blond, rather handsome youth,
Of princely carriage:
I've no lost uncles to return
And fill my purse, so fain would learn
Of some fair heiress who would yearn
For me and marriage.

Love's Games, Progressive.

WHEN Prue, a winsome witching maid
At tennis first her skill essayed,
I conned its parlance o'er,
And told her what *I* thought of love :
Alas ! no vantage did it prove—
She voted me a bore.

Next whist absorbed her active mind,
I played, too, not to be behind ;
Led hearts (my suit was long) :
I stood, then, something like fourth best,
She cleared my suit, I did the rest,
Our hands united strong.

Billiards ensnared my fiancée,
I loved to watch her eager play,
Though many a stroke she missed ;

LOVE'S GAMES, PROGRESSIVE.

The room was a secluded spot
And oft it chanced the balls were not
The only ones that kissed.

Now we are wed. Each pleasant day
We give to golf. And now we say
Love's links our lives surround ;
And, when with caddy and with tea
She sits at table, home's for me
A perfect tee-ing ground !

As Through A Glass.

THE grimy network of back yards
On which Her modest window faces,
Would serve, I think, in most regards
As type of unattractive places,

But in the building just across
That bars her from the sunset's glory,
One window compensates for loss,
And gives the scene its touch of story.

Not that it differs from the rest
By any skill of architecture ;
To place the type of all, were quest
Beyond the bounds of wild conjecture.

But by imagination's dower
The plainest wall is carved and gilded,

And lovelier far than Giotto's tower
By Fancy's Renaissance is builded.

And when the cooling touch of night
Stills for a time all thought of labour,
She waits before she lights her light,
To watch and wonder o'er her neighbour.

He has a desk that's always piled
With manuscripts in much confusion,
Where "Heaven's first law" could ne'er be
styled.

As aught but optical illusion ;

And there he plies a busy quill,
While to protect him from disaster,
There stalks across his window-sill
A Barye lion, cast in plaster.

Perhaps it is a waste of time,
Perhaps it sounds a shade alarming,
Perhaps I should not put in rhyme
She finds an unknown neighbour cnaarming ;

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER

But every poet worth the name
Has written verses "To Her Casement,"
Whether the maid who stirred his flame
Dwelt in an attic or a basement ;

And thinking on those miles of lines
Writ by the Saxon, Gaul, and Hindu,
What wonder if the Muse inclines
For once to celebrate "His Window."

For my own part, I think the Muse
Shows she's a being superhuman,
By singing, just when poets choose,
The charms of every other woman :

Or stay—sometimes when we make moan
O'er hopelessly unsullied papers,
Perhaps with temper like our own
She's taken refuge in the vapours.

But to our maid. She dreams his name
And what may be his avocation,

And who he is and whence he came
Are splendid themes for speculation,

For while her drawing-table shows
Her occupation, wits are nimble
That eke must guess the work he chose
Just by the lion as a symbol.

Perhaps his purse declines to fill
And so he thinks, the wily mortal,
The lion on the window-sill
May fright the wolf without the portal ;

Or—emblem of Saint Mark of old—
Perhaps he has a flock in Zion,
And yet it seems, if truth were told,
'T is more a literary lion.

I wonder if He thinks of Her
And how—and is the outcome certain ?
It may be that his pulses stir
At each vibration of her curtain ;

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

And will they meet at last, and wed ?

And will they prize as precious token,
And keep, when many years have fled,
The lion, like their vows, unbroken ?

And will they grow serene and gray

Together, safe from all disaster ?
Or will she find her idol clay,
Just as his lion is but plaster ?

Or are her tender, girlish dreams

Destined to find no fond fruition,
And must she know the roseate gleams
Of love-light but by intuition ?

Ah, well ! 't is Fate's affair, not mine,

To weld their hearts, or keep asunder ;
But should Fate part them, I opine,
That Fate for once will make a blunder.

Good-day, Suzanne.

(From the French of Alfred de Musset.)

GOOD-DAY, Suzanne, my woodland
flower;

Art thou as lovely as of yore?

I have returned this very hour

From Italy's enchanted shore.

I've made the tour of Paradise—

Made lover's songs and lover's eyes!

But what of that?

But what of that?

Before thy house I stay:

Ope the door wide,

Let me inside;

Good-day, Suzanne, good-day!

The lilacs bloomed when first we met.

Thy gay heart opened like a flower;

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

Thou saidst : “ Thou mayst not love me yet,
It is not come, my loving hour.”

How for my coming didst thou wait ?

Who goes too soon, returns too late.

But what of that ?

But what of that ?

Before thy house I stay :

Ope the door wide,

Let me inside ;

Good-day, Suzanne, good-day !

His Answer.

WHY do I love you, you ask? Why,
dear!

To tell half the reasons would take me a year!
For your head's proud poise, and your graceful
walk,

For the way that you dimple and smile and
talk;

For a certain inborn daintiness

Which shows itself in your mind and dress;

For your ready wit with no cynic turn,

For the charity which I fain would learn;

For your woman's heart where all sweetness
lies,

For the fearless truth of your loving eyes;

For the soul that is pure as the angels above
you,—

But *chiefly*,—I love you, because—I love you!

A Steamer Letter.

DEAR Belle, I hope the day is fair,
That snugly tucked within your chair,
You gaze with gay, expectant air
Upon your fellow-men,
Who pace the deck with martial tread,
Or feebly hold an aching head,
And wish they were at home—or dead,
Then go below again.

I wonder how the ocean suits,
Do you still care for fowls and fruits,
Or take delight in gowns or boots?
Do things look green or blue?
Who are the notables on board—
Have you a *Vicomte* or a Lord?
Are you amused or are you bored—
In fine, how do you do?

A STEAMER LETTER.

Here we are trying to be gay,
The B——'s gave a big tea to-day
For Julia H——and Lucy K——
 'T was very nice and jolly.
To-morrow 's Mrs. P——'s tea,
But Lucy takes the train at three,
All these good-byes, it seems to me,
 Are getting melancholy.

Think how few of the girls you know
Are left to brave this northern snow,
While you stroll gaily to and fro,
 In ways Parisian ;
Remember us when e'er you stray
In Luxembourg or Bon Marché,
And come back home to us in May,
 Gowned like a vision.

The Reason Why.

PHYLLIS wonders why I love her.
Thinks it's strange I do ;
Now I think the matter over,
Perhaps I think so too.

Kittie's eyes are far, far bluer,
Pinker cheeks has Sue,
Dimples that would serve to lure
Saint Antoine, has Prue.

But Sue sneers at true devotion,
Prue's engaged to Ned,
Kittie's in a great commotion
Lest she should n't wed.

THE REASON WHY.

Girls are almost all so funny ;
They just make it plain
What they care for most is money :
Then they 're all so vain.

All but Phyllis, I discover—
After all, you see,
Best of reasons why I love her
Is—that she loves me.

Apropos de Paris.

O F all who e'er have sung of love,
Or told how valiant heroes strove,
No tale than his more rare is
Who sung of Helen's daring flight
From Grecian home, in dead of night,
Lured by the charms of Paris.

And yet I wot the thing's the same,
And at the very selfsame game
More brave our modern fair is,
For Paris went to Helen then ;
Now, lured by Paris' charms again,
Our Helens go to Paris.

The Other Side.

“ **A**LL is not gold that glisteneth,”
So truly an old proverb saith ;
But also should this truth be told,
What glisteneth is sometimes gold.

There was Kate at the manor and Rose at the
inn,
And both were as fair as a man could e'er
win ;
But Kate wore her satins and gay furbelows,
While muslins and prints were the portion of
Rose.
“ Heigh-ho ! ” said I then, “ now which maid
shall it be ?
Which will make the best bride for a laddie
like me,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

With his fortune to make,
And a journey to take
Half the way round the world.
Zounds! She 'll wed for love's sake!'

"Not Kate," said I, "surely, the lass is too
fine
To share all the hardships 't were like will be
mine ;
The wife for a poor man must cook and must
spin,
And I think I will call, as I pass, at the inn."
But Rose tossed her head,—“Faith, my lad, I
look higher ;
Your pocket 's too empty. I 'll wait for the
squire.
He has silver to spare,
And his coach and his pair,
And he swears that he 'll bring me
A brooch from the fair.”

THE OTHER SIDE.

" 'T is a journey alone I 'll be taking," thought
I,

" But I 'll call at the manor to bid Kate good-
bye: "

But scarce of goodbye had I started to speak,
When the tint of the dawn swift deserted her
cheek.

" Were I rich," said I, " dear, I should beg
you to wed"—

When she flushed—" I 'll go with you, dear
laddie," she said,

" Through the world far and wide,
I would brave storm and tide,
And be happy the while
Were my love at my side."

I 'm the luckiest lad in the country, 't is sure,
For my sweetheart is dainty and steadfast and
pure;

And she holds far above the rich gauds of the
fair,

The garland of daisies I bring her to wear.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

So may furbelows cover a love without stint,
And a covetous heart be concealed beneath
 print.

Speed, ye hours, in your flight,
And bring swiftly the night,
 The glad night we shall wed.
Faith! the future is bright.

Procrustes' Bed.

A GRECIAN myth tells of a giant grim
Who treated all alike who came to him

Beseeching shelter. Them the giant led
And bade repose upon an iron bed.

But when the weary traveller was at rest,
Fast to the bed he bound the helpless guest ;

And as he woke alarmed, Procrustes said,
His rule was fixed : each guest must fit the
bed.

Off came his legs, if he perchance were tall :
Racked must he be, had Nature made him
small.

So, strained or maimed by this most ghastly
jest,
To fit his bed, was shaped each hapless guest.

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

And so, methinks, by fickle Fortune led,
We must conform to Destiny's iron bed.

Content is he whose limits are so near,
That he will never dream his way not clear.

Accursed is he with stunted life and maimed,
A slave by stern Misfortune foully claimed.

And what of him who racked 'neath Duty's
 strain,
Grows into greater stature through his pain.

So are we all, by some grim sport of Chance,
Fitted to Fate by force of Circumstance.

Dear, Tell Me Why.

(From the Italian.)

DEAR, tell me why when evening skies
are gleaming,

I see thy face in every radiant star?

Why has God made thee fair beyond all
dreaming,

So that I needs must worship thee afar?

O, my beloved,

List to my cry :

Tell me, beloved,

Oh, tell me why?

Dear, tell me why the moonlight on the river

Whispers to me sweet tales of love and thee?

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

Why thy soft sigh doth make my heartstrings
quiver,

Till Love absorbs my soul's entirety ?

O, my beloved,

List to my cry :

Tell me, beloved,

Oh, tell me why ?

Ballade of Gay Romance.

O THE blithe brave days of the lute and
lance

And the skill of the supple blade,
When curveting chargers did proudly prance

With never a knight afraid,
When ever to succour distressed maid
They vied in their swift advance :

There was tourney and tryst in each wood-
land glade
In the heyday of gay romance.

When galloping over some drear expanse
They rode in a border raid,

When combats were usually *à outrance*,
When only the old were staid ;
When the Fairest, garbed in some rich bro-
cade

On all suitors had looked askance

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

Till the Bravest her breast-knot one day displayed,—
'T was the heyday of gay romance.

Now we follow the fashion they set in France
With our automobile parade ;
He pays the piper who fain would dance,
And the god of the world is trade ;
Life seems but a game to be keenly played,
And we struggle for style and stance,
And lost is the lilt of the serenade
Of the heyday of gay romance.

ENVOY.

Yet, Romance is a ghost that will not be laid :
Since Phyllis her favour grants,
For me is the workaday world remade,
'T is the heyday of gay romance !

A Perplexing Question.

OF that rich draught which Egypt's queen
Quaffed smilingly, we often hear ;
Yet there's a doubt within my mind
Which nothing that is writ makes clear.

Perhaps one gleam of prudence lurked
'Neath mad excess in pleasure's whirl,
'T was homage to a Roman lover,
Was it a Roman pearl ?

The Game was Whist.

Rondeau.

THE game was whist. I played with Prue
Against Treherne and Kate Carew.
The girls said they thought whist "such
fun"

And then Kate led a singleton.
I thought Treherne looked rather blue.

Prue wondered what she'd better do,
And then led trumps from only two.
In doubt, she said, 't was always done.
The game was whist.

And so it went the whole game through ;
Kate trumped Treherne's best club, and slew
His suit of hearts, and yet they won,
O Cavendish ! O Hamilton !
The game was whist !

Les Joies Passées.

SIGHTLESS, helpless, oft alone,
Still her tone is almost gay :
“Why should I have cause to moan,
I was happy yesterday.”

“What the future brings to me
Matters not,” she ’s wont to say,
“Since I have the memory
Of that perfect yesterday.”

If to-morrow chanced to be
Unto us as her to-day,
Should we find the memory
Of a perfect yesterday ?

In Grand Old Rome.

Rondeau.

IN grand old Rome!—To sing her praise
One needs must chant heroic lays,
And my frail lyre, untrained as yet
To more than dainty triolet,
Falters in search of stronger phrase.

In fancy still I thread the maze
Of Vatican, or tread the ways
Where Cæsar's friends in council met
In grand old Rome.

St. Peter's Pantheon-dome doth raise
Its cross up to the God of Days :
By Trevi's fount my throat is wet ;
And in a subtle memory-net
My soul is backward caught, and stays
In grand old Rome.

Colour Studies.

Blue-gray.

THE cold gray fog crept up the street,
 (Oh, the world seemed desolate !)
And Misfortune followed with footsteps fleet,
 (Oh, the world seemed desolate !)
The zeal of the good curé grew cold ;
The maid to the lover's eyes looked old,
And gloom in firm grasp did each heart
 enfold.
 (Oh, the world seemed desolate !)

The fortunes men strove to make, they lost ;
 (Oh, the world seemed desolate !)
And left naught to show for the trouble they
 cost :
 (Oh, the world seemed desolate !)

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.
.....

A sinner was caught in the garb of a saint,
And work grew heavy and love grew faint,
And distrust crept in with its fatal taint.

(Oh, the world seemed desolate !)

Colour Fancies.

A Brown Study.

A CHEERFUL room. The fire burns
bright
In the wide grate. For stronger light
A lamp on study-table stands
' Mid treasures trove in many lands.
What matters if without is night !

A realm of books enchants the sight ;
On table, wherewithal to write
For my despotic Muse demands
A cheerful room.

Great leather chairs to ease invite ;
Here one can follow Fancy's flight,

LOVE, LAURELS, AND LAUGHTER.

And gazing on those blazing brands,
What castles rise from fairy strands !
This is a region of delight—
A cheerful room.

O Sweetheart Mine.

Rondeau.

O SWEETHEART mine, the dew lay
white

Upon this sleeping rose last night,
And now as blushing leaves unfold,
A dewdrop touches heart of gold
And gently opes it to the light.

O would that with as gentle might
Thy heart would open to my sight,
The while my tale of love I told,
O Sweetheart mine !

Though words of burning love I write,
The measure halts, the verse sounds trite ;
The fragrance that these petals hold
Breathes thoughts more sweet than e'er were
told.

Grant their fond message speaks aright,
O Sweetheart mine !

“ Chi lo sa ! ”

THE strings upon the violin lie mute ;
How can they say
Till the bow wakes them into song,
What tune they'll play :
Whether it be for dance or dirge
Or wedding-bell,
Until they feel the master-touch
How can they tell !

What will Life prove—or grave or gay—
We can but wait
Till Love shall make our heart-strings throb
And seal our fate.

Strategy.

WHEN E'ER he saw the gay gallants,
Who danced like puppets at her
whim,
He smiled to think no turn of chance
Could e'er reserve such fate for him.

He married her. She seemed to view
All things in lights that pleased him best ;
So well she planned, he never knew
He was a puppet like the rest !

The Vital Question.

THE question that seems most perplexing

To the sex that is known as the fair,
Is not suffrage, nor trusts, nor annexing,
Even tariff would prove far less vexing—

It is, "What are we going to wear?"

When the crocuses shyly are peeping,
And the lilacs are scenting the air,
When the spring sweetly wakes from her
sleeping,

One thought through their vigils they're keeping,—

"Now, what are we going to wear?"

When the autumn is spreading her glory
Of crimsons beyond all compare,

THE VITAL QUESTION.

When the winter is chilling and hoary,
Dame Fashion has still a new story
Of the frills it is proper to wear.

When the world that is urbane and urban
Gives a function with trumpeted blare,
Comes the wail of the saddened suburban,—
“O horrors! I’ve just bought a turban,
And this is a bonnet affair!”

O ye fortunate masculine mortals,
What know ye of cankering care?
Till they enter the heavenly portals,
The distracted choir-feminine chortles,—
“O, what are we going to wear!”

The Valentine Rose.

“O H, ho !” cried Dan Cupid, “what’s this
that I see ?

Where notes come with roses ’tis plain they
want me !”

And he peeped o’er her shoulder, the im-
pudent elf !

To spy out a few lines of the billet himself.

“ Dear Phyllis,” it ran, “would that I could.
disclose

My heart to your eyes, as doth this happy
rose,

“ But grant that its fragrance may breathe
forth some part

Of the love that I bear you, oh, heart of my
heart !”

THE VALENTINE ROSE.

And she, as she toyed with the flowers, drooped
her eyes,
Saying softly, "The foolish boy—such a sur-
prise!"

But Cupid avers, and we know that he knows,
That his heart caught her heart in the heart
of the rose.

The Best Authority.

THEY say that worldly goods and gauds
Are all that's "worth the while";
They say romance is out of date,
And love is out of style;
They say a bright tiara's gems
Will solace any throe:
But Philip, blue-eyed Philip,
He does not tell me so.

They say that lovers' strongest vows
Have proved but brittle things,
That Love *must* fly, since Art portrays
The little god with wings;
That youth's fond fancies quickly fade,
That men inconstant grow:
But Philip, faithful Philip,
He does not tell me so.

THE BEST AUTHORITY.

They say that one should only think
Of lofty birth and place ;
They say it makes one thrill with pride
To set the social pace ;
They say a cottage on the green
Must be forlorn and slow :
But Philip, ardent Philip,
He does not tell me so.

I let them prate of pride and pelf,
I care not what they say.
O heart of mine ! to-morrow's sun
Shall light our wedding-day.
Within our cottage, Love, content,
Shall ever bide, I know :
For Philip, dearest Philip,
He says it shall be so.

Ballade of Chevy Chase.

WHEN tourists seek a boarding-place,
And Congress' session has begun ;
When looms the much-respected mace
Where he who doesn't Reed must run ;
When every shining noonday sun
Shows to each senatorial face
'T is Frye-day (pray forgive the pun),
I hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

When Fashion sets the social pace,
And teas and luncheons must be done ;
When public functions bring out trace
Of many a Hottentot and Hun ;
When coal is going up per ton,
When notes are going on their grace,
All city ways and wiles I shun,
And hie me straight to Chevy Chase.

BALLADE OF CHEVY CHASE.

In fact, in almost any case,
Unless a rain should spoil the fun ;
Unless a fog should quite efface
The landscape, as in Albion ;
Unless, perhaps, I had not won
The day before ; unless each ace
Were mine at whist, the days are none
I would not hie to Chevy Chase.

ENVOY.

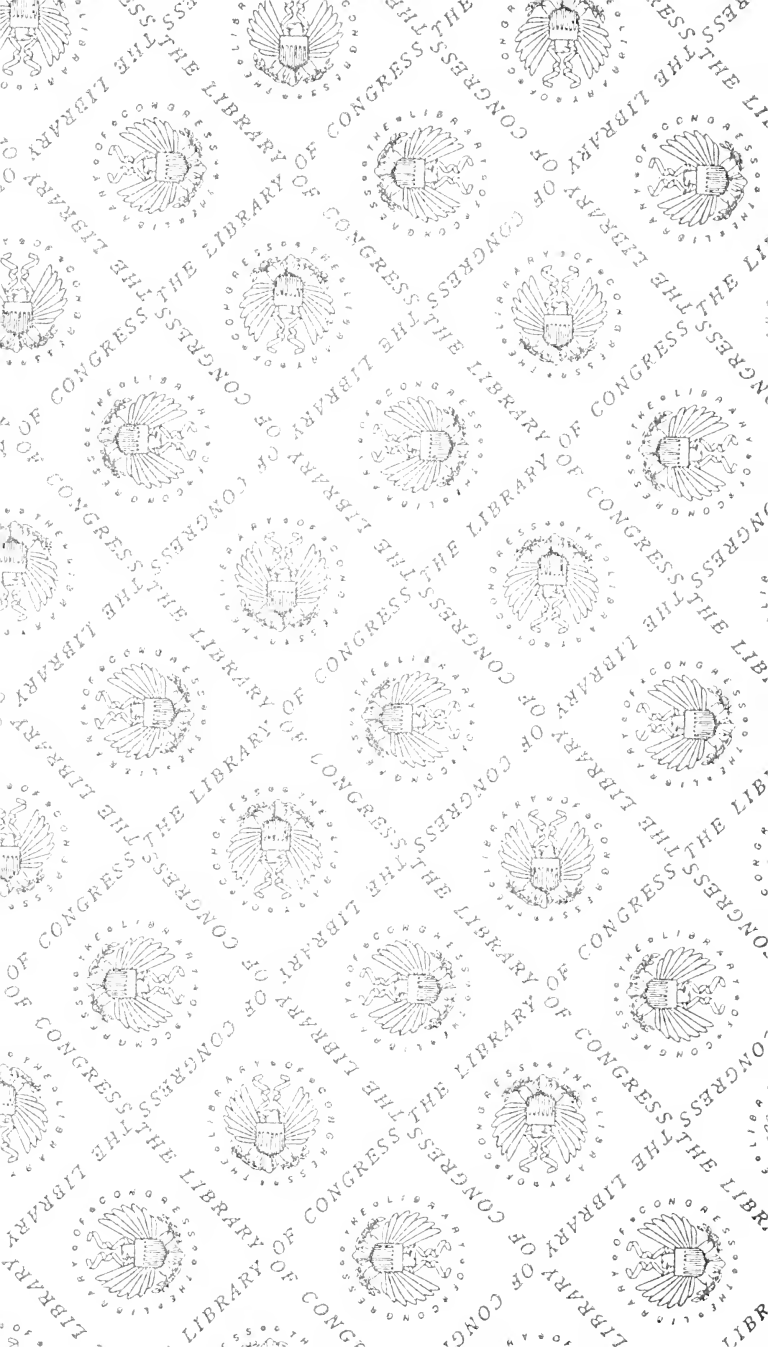
Ye golfers ! Daughter, sire, and son,
Athletic-lovers of our race,
When you, too, come to Washington,
You fain will hie to Chevy Chase.

Love's Pathway.

LOVE'S pathway is a winding trail,
Just wide enough for two to tread :
They wander far o'er hill and dale,
While Cupid wings his way o'erhead.

If wayside brambles should annoy,
Their steps have strayed too far apart ;
The way is but a lengthened joy
If lovers tread it heart to heart.

For those whose souls are pure and fine,
Kind heaven a magic spell doth send ;
For by some sorcery divine,
Love's circling pathway has no end.



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